

THE MERCHANT A-la-Mode.

To the Tune of *Which no body can deny.*

Attend and prepare for a Cargo from *Dover*, (over,
Wine, Silk, Turnips, Onions, with the Peace are come
Duke d' *Aumont* has brought, (make room for a Rover)
Which no body can deny, deny; which no body can deny.

A swagg'ring Crew rode a Horse-back before him,
He threw out his Cash that the Mob might adore him;
So Tag-rag and Bob-tail made up the Decorum,
Which &c.

Our Great Men they bought with Pensions and Tattles,
Our General they had hir'd to fight no more Battles,
And the Rabble they wheedle with Shillings and Rattles,
Which &c.

The Train is made up with the Scum of *St. Germain's*,
Priest, Porters, and Fiddlers, Pimps, Laqueys and Chairmen,
Who are all the Great Whore of *Babylon's* Vermine,
Which &c.

His House is a Chappel, where the Jesuites range;
'Tis a Court for our Statesmen, and yet, which is strange,
'Tis a Tavern, a Ware-house, a Garden, a Change,
Which &c.

The Q—— had a Present we know very well:
But we must to Market, as all Folks can tell;
For they that can buy, they also can sell,
Which &c.

Here Laymen may prate, and Clergymen fuddle,
The House can provide both Tobacco and Bottle;
They've a Seat for your Bum, and a Pipe for your Noddle,
Which &c.

But these Parcels of Wine, that go by Retale,
Came unluckily over, to hinder the Sale
Of his Brother D. H. . . . n's Barrels of Ale,
Which &c.

Here's a Number of Superfine Onions, which shows
That the Merchant who sells them has ground to suppose
His Trade lay with some that are led by the Nose,
Which &c.

Then our came the Silks, and the musty Brocades,
That the Liv'ry of *France* may be laid on the Maids,
A good Preparation for *Wild Irish* Plads,
Which &c.

What a jumble of Sounds do we hear all together,
From Trumpets and Fiddles, to the Clangs of a Cleaver,
Confounded with Groans of a *Spittle-field* Weaver?
Which &c.

To raise up a Mass-house they're making great Haste;
But when all this Raree-Show-Musick is past,
Poor *England* must pay the Piper at last,
Which &c.

What pity 'tis now that *Gregg* was truss'd up;
Had he liv'd to this time, there was reason to hope
He had come in for a Ribbon instead of a Rope,
Which &c.

The Duke that he wrote to wou'd have giv'n him fair (Quarter,
And so would the E. . . l for whom he was Martyr;
But he got the Halter, and R—— the Garter,
Which &c.

O *Lewis*, at last, thou hast play'd thy best Card,
Lay Hero's aside, and Tricksters reward,
Thou hast got by d' *Aumont* what thou lost by *Tallard*,
Which &c.

Remove all the Wars to *Versailles* and to *Marty*,
'Tis Fighting more surely, tho somewhat unfairly,
What a *Churchil* has won, is restor'd by a H——,
Which &c.

May the great Hand of Justice now brandish it self
On 'em all in a lump, from that double tipp'd Elfe,
To the fag end of Peerage, the last of the Twelve,
Which &c.

Haste, *Hanover*, over, and rescue our Laws
From a Rascally Medley of Cowards and Daws,
Whores, Cuckolks and Fools, Bawds, Bullies and Brags,
Which &c.

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